

A Fawcett Publication

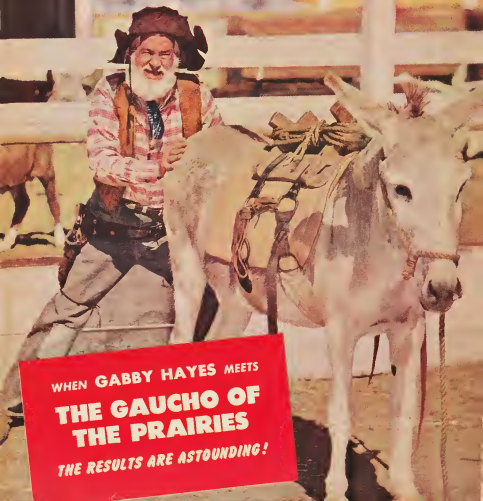
Gabby Hayes

Western

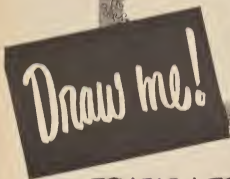
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AUG.
NO. 45



WHEN GABBY HAYES MEETS
**THE GAUCHO OF
THE PRAIRIES**
THE RESULTS ARE ASTOUNDING!



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5 PRIZES! 5 Complete \$280 Art Courses, including Drawing Outfits!

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Answers Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy or girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by August 31, 1962. None returned. Winners notified.

Latest Winner List! Free course winners in previous contest—
from list just released: A. Martelli, 108 W. San Antonio, El Paso, Tex.; H. Karsman, YMCA, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. Miller, 7045 N. Howard, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. Chandler, R. R. 1, E. 25, Louis, Ill.; A. Tedesco, 140 Bayre, E. Boston, Mass.; G. Daniels, Frontier Villa, Cheyenne, Wyo.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 6122 500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your August drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____

State _____ Occupation _____





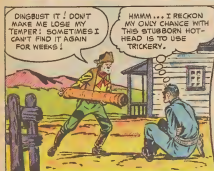
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • THE MARVEL FAMILY • LASH LARUE WESTERN • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • BATTLE STORIES • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • MIKE BARNETT, MAN AGAINST CRIME
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX BITTER WESTERN • SOLDIER COMICS

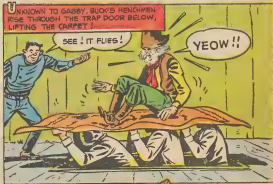
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

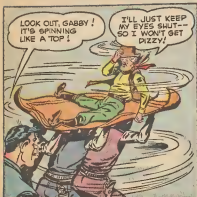




GABBY HAYES WESTERN

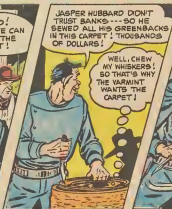


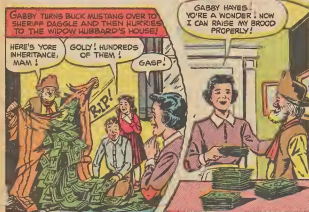
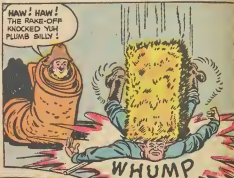
GABBY HAYES WESTERN













JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ®



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STRONG!
made of genuine
vinylite plastic
that will support 200 lbs!

NOT SOLD IN STORES

Similar toys cost \$2.00 or more!



GOLD RUSHERS

A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale

YES, SIR, some of the flames in that there campfire do look like gold, now that you come to mention it. Puts me in mind of the days of the gold rush up to Alaska. Was I there? Balls of fire, I'd be one of the richest hombres in the world today if the breaks hadn't kind of gone against me! Hunker yourselves down into a comfortable setting position and I'll tell you all about Gabby Hayes and the Gold Rush.

I remember it like it was yesterday. Round-up time was over and things were pretty slack at the Bar Nothing Ranch, which I am the foreman of. One day, old Bodkins, who works in the sheriff's office, came clomping up on that bony nag of his and said, "Gabby, they've discovered gold!"

"Where?" I said.

"Alaska!" he replied.

"Well, ask her then, and be quick about it," I said.

He explained that he was talking about the territory of Alaska and how there was enough gold up there to keep all the dentists supplied with fillings from now 'till Doomsday. Bodkins couldn't be blamed for wanting a big, strong, brave, courageous, honest, truthful, fearless fellow like me to go with him.

To make a long story short, I agreed to go and the next thing you know we had reached our destination, right next door to the North Pole. In fact, I shinnied up to the top of that North Pole and stood on my head (no hands) just to give the Eskimos a thrill. But that's another story.

Anyway, I've got to hand it to Bodkins. He was right about there being lots of gold up there. Why, they used gold for cobblestones in the streets and if a cat started meowling at night, one of them Alaska natives wouldn't think anything of chucking a gold nugget at it. If a man wanted to plant a garden, he could hardly do it because the ground was so full of gold that nothing would grow! And every-

body was so rich, *nobody* would do any work! Why, those people dang near starved to death because there weren't any poor people to cook the meals and wash the dishes!

Well, as you know, I'm not greedy. I don't think it matters whether a man is rich or not, as long as he's got plenty of money. So I only gathered me up a few tons of this gold, just enough to tide me over in my old age. But that Bodkins, he went hog wild. He gathered up gold 'till he had a mountain of it, 'most as tall as Pike's Peak. That was what caused us our trouble. You could see Bodkins' gold mountain from miles away. And the fellow who saw it and wanted it was the meanest hombre in all the north country, Dangerous Don McGoo.

He came riding down on us with a band of one thousand armed outlaws and he says, kind of sneering, "That's entirely too much gold for you two little men. I aim to relieve you of it. Money is the root of all evil, and I don't want you two to get into any evil." He had a nasty laugh.

It happened I had laid down my gun so I could dig better, but the fact that they were armed and I wasn't didn't stop me! I pitched right in with both fists swinging and knocked out fifty of those men. But Don McGoo got in a lucky punch and I went down for the count.

When I came to, I saw Bodkins lying a few feet away from me, bound and gagged. The gold mountain was gone! I got up and untied him and removed the gag. "They took all our gold!" he sobbed.

"Don't worry about it, pard," I said, trying to comfort the little fellow. "Just hand me that spade and we'll dig us up another mountain of gold in no time."

But then it commenced to snow. It snowed so fast and furious that in less than half an hour the snow was twenty feet deep! You couldn't dig the snow fast enough to get near the ground where the gold was!

Luckily, an Eskimo driving a dog sled came along just then. He hollered, "Taxi, mister?" We clambered onto the sled and he drove us to the next town which was named Doo-Ah-Ditty, which is an Eskimo name, I reckon. Now like I mentioned before, them people up there in the Klondike were all so rich they would've starved if it hadn't been for Bodkins and me. I took a job in the Black Fly Restaurant as the chef and Bodkins was the dishwasher. We each got a hundred dollars a day, plus whatever we wanted to eat, so that was enough to tide us over.

However, I'm a man of action and I was restless being pinned up indoors. I was determined to track down Dangerous Don McGoo and get even with him for robbing us. So after three months when the snows sort of let up, I borrowed a pair of snowshoes and set out.

Bodkins remained behind to act as both chef and dishwasher. Well, sir, I trekked and tracked and tromped and mushed and finally I came upon Don and all his thousand henchmen in the lee of a glacier. They were buried in snow up to their necks and were frozen so stiff they couldn't even raise their hands when I told them to. You see, all this gold they had stolen from us weighed them down so they just sank into the snow and were stuck there.

I got hold of the local sheriff and he came out with a bunch of men and a bunch of sleds and carted the band of outlaws off to jail, where they were thawed out. Naturally, Bodkins and I got all our gold back.

Of course, by then, we were too rich to be a dishwasher or a chef, so we left the restaurant business and figured the customers would have to live as best they could on cold cuts and potato chips. We loaded all our gold onto a ship and headed south for San Francisco.

We had been to sea only about three hours when I heard the Captain holler and groan. Since the ocean was a mite choppy, I thought

nothing of it, at first. I figured the Captain was merely seasick.

Then I happened to look up toward the bridge and saw a familiar figure standing there, with a six-gun in each hand. "Dangerous Don McGoo!" I exclaimed.

"The same!" he responded with a smirk. "I'm taking over this ship and all the gold that's aboard. And anybody who doesn't like it can walk the plank!"

"But you're supposed to be in jail!" I exclaimed. "How'd you get out?"

"They've only got a small jail," he grinned. "There wasn't room for all of us, so they locked me up in an igloo. I thawed my way out!"

I was plumb annoyed to think that an outlaw like him could steal a whole shipload of gold, especially when half of it belonged to me. With a spring I leaped into the rigging and started climbing upward. "Where do you think you're going?" he snarled.

"I aim to furl the tops'l," I responded. "I think a storm's brewing." He didn't know what I meant and neither did I. But when I got high enough, I took a flying leap and landed on his back. He was taken by surprise, but managed to empty both guns. My hitting him knocked off his aim, and all his shots went downward. Twelve slugs bored into the planking and clean through the hull. The next thing we knew, that ship was leaking like a sieve!

WASNT long afterward that she sank, and that's what happened to our gold. When Bodkins and I reached Frisco, we were plumb tuckered out. It's quite a long swim. I was even more tired than Bodkins on account of I towed Dangerous Don McGoo all the way. I wanted to make sure that hombre got lodgings in a nice, solid, stone jailhouse!

THE END

Read the riotous GABBY HAYES TALL
TALES in GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

GABBY HAYES

and THE GAUCHO OF THE PRAIRIES

GABBY, MEET PEDRO TAMALE. HE'S A FAMOUS GAUCHO ---- A COWBOY OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN PAMPAS !

HMPH ! UP HERE WE DON'T PAMPER COWBOYS ! WE'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH !

SEÑOR GABBY, IT IS AN HONOR FOR YOU TO MEET ME !

WHEN THE BRAGGINGEST COWMAN OF THE WEST CLASHES WITH THE WINEST COWMAN OF THE PAMPAS, THE RESULT IS A STRANGE KIND OF HOMBRE --- A GAUCHO OF THE PRAIRIES !

HA ! HA ! LAUGHTER OVERCOMES ME ! THE SEÑOR CALLS HIMSELF A GAUCHO --- AND HE HAS NO BOLA... ONLY A PIECE OF ROPE !

HUH ! NO COWHAND WITHOUT A LASSO IS WORTH HIS VITTLES !

SEÑOR TAMALE WILL TEACH US HIS CATTLE RAISING METHODS. HE MAY HAVE SOME NEW IDEAS !

THUNDERATION ! TEACH ME ?? THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE !

GABBY HAYES WILL DO THE TEACHING ! I'LL SHOW TAMALE HOW A REAL CATTLEMAN OPERATES !

CARAMBA ! YOUR PUNY KNOWLEDGE WOULD NOT FILL ONE TINY CORNER OF MY ENORMOUS BRAIN !



I CAN'T STAND A BRAGGER! I BET YUH COULDN'T LASSO A LAMP-POST IF YUH WAS SITTING ON TOP OF IT!

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO BETTER--- EXCEPT BRAG! THERE YOU EXCEL ME!

PLEASE, LET'S TEND TO BUSINESS! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO RIDE HERD TOGETHER!

STILL SEETHING, THE TWO COCKY COW-MEN GO TO GUARD THE BAR NOTHING HERD...

KEEP YORE POP-EYES PEELED, PARD! WATCH FOR THAT PESKY RUSTLER, CLIPPER SNIP!

I WILL WATCH-- AND GIVE MY FIRST LESSON AT THE SAME TIME!

OBSERVE! RIDING THUS! GAUCHOS CAN SEE FAR OFF ON THE FLAT PAMPAS!

HMPH!

I RECKON I CAN DO THAT FOOLISH STUNT PLUMB EASY!

HEH! HEH! NOTHING TO IT FOR A MASTER OF HORSE-MANSHIP LIKE ME!

BEWARE, SENOR BLOW-HARD! YOU STAND LOPSIDED!

HUMILIATED BY THE DOWN-FALL, GABBY SWIFTLY SHOWS OFF A COWBOY SPECIALTY!

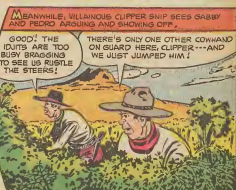
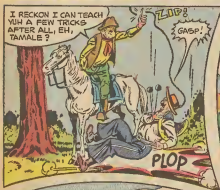
HERE'S HOW TO CATCH CATTLE, PARD! IT TAKES REAL SANVY!

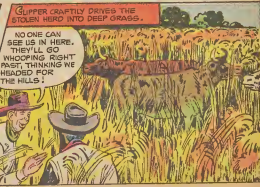
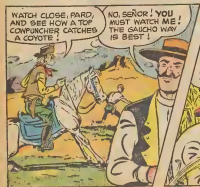
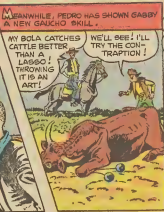
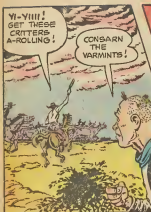
POOF! IT IS CHILD'S PLAY! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THAT ROPE!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

AWK!

THUD





CLIPPER IS SAFELY HIDDEN FROM AN ORDINARY SEARCH--BUT NOT FROM THE HIGH-PERCHED GAUCHO!

IN THE DEEP GRASS I SEE THEM HIDING LIKE SNAKES!



OKAY, PARD! I ADMIT YORE GAUCHO STUNT PAID OFF! BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO ROOT OUT A DOZEN ARMED KILLERS!



Wahoo! HERE'S HOW A COWBOY MEETS A SHOWDOWN --WITH A DEATH-DEFYING CHARGE!

I AM AT YOUR SIDE, SENOR GABBY!



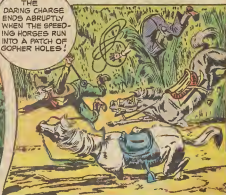
YIPPEEE! SURRENDER OR BE WIPE OUT!

THE HOMBRES MUST BE LOCO! THEY AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

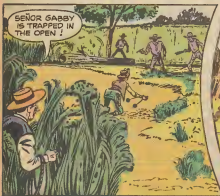
DON'T KILL GABBY RIGHT OFF! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SHEAR THE HAIRY OLE GOAT!



THE DARING CHARGE ENDS ABRUPTLY WHEN THE SPEEDING HORSES RUN INTO A PATCH OF GOPHER HOLES!

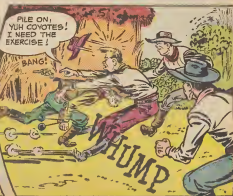


SEÑOR GABBY IS TRAPPED IN THE OPEN!



FILE ON, YUH COYOTES! I NEED THE EXERCISE!

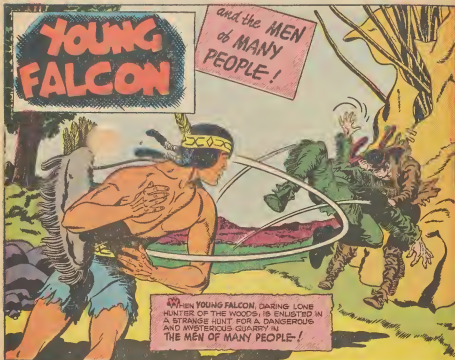
BANG!











SEVERAL HOURS LATER ---

HO THERE, YOUNG FALCON!

SOMEONE CALLS MY NAME. IT IS THE GOOD SHERIFF OF BOULDER TOWN.



I'LL GO TO SEE WHY HE CALLS ME.



SOON--

IT IS GOOD TO JOIN HANDS WITH YOU AGAIN, GOOD FRIEND. BUT YOU SAY I CAN HELP YOU. HOW?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME SUCK OWLHOOTS WHO ARE SMUGGLING STOLEN GOLD THROUGH THIS TERRITORY!



I HAVE SEEN NO ONE --- ONLY TWO BRAVES ON THE HUNT. THESE WOODS ARE FILLED WITH INDIANS.

THESE SLICKERS MUST BE LEAVING SOME KIND OF TRAIL. YET WE CAN'T EVER PICK IT UP. ALL WE CAN FIND ARE INDIAN TRAILS, AND WE'RE PLUMB TIRED FOLLOWING THOSE.



MAYBE WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF TRAIL-FINDING, YOU MIGHT DO BETTER. I'LL SEND ONE OF MY DEPUTIES ALONG WITH YOU, IN CASE YOU DO FIND THOSE COYOTES. HOW ABOUT IT?

I AM HONORED BY YOUR FAITH IN ME, SHERIFF. I WILL DO MY BEST!



SOON, AS YOUNG FALCON AND A DEPUTY MOVE THROUGH THE WOODLANDS---

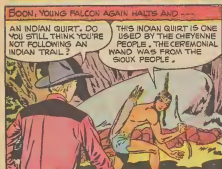
IF THESE THIEVES SMUGGLE THE STOLEN GOLD REGULARLY, THEY MUST LEAVE A TRAIL OF SOME KIND. IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO DO SO.

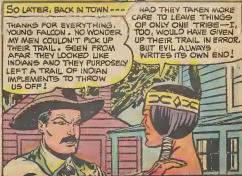
SO WE FIGURED, BUT IF YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING EXCEPT THE TRAIL OF AN INDIAN PARTY, I'LL EAT IT!

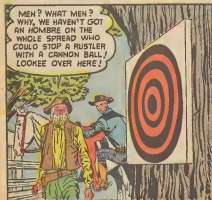
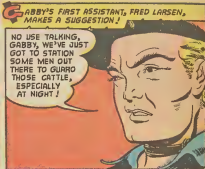


WAIT--- HERE IS SOMETHING!

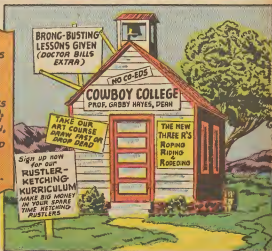


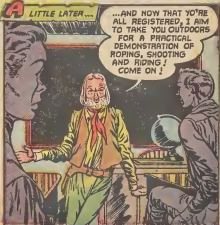
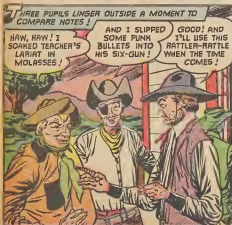
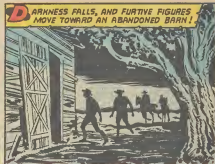
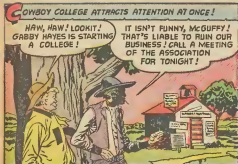






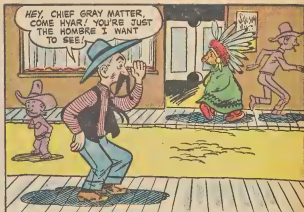
N O GRASS GROWS BETWEEN GABBY'S TOES! AS SOON AS HE GETS AN IDEA, HE ACTS! AND SOON, AT AN ABANDONED LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.....





CHIEF GRAY MATTER

in
BLACK
AND
GRAY



GABBY HAYES

in
**COWBOY
COLLEGE**

Trouble, trouble for GABBY HAYES, foreman of the Bar Nothing Ranch! There's a shortage of skilled cowboys, and the only men he can hire are as awkward as a heifer on roller skates!

OOOH, THESE GREENHORNS! THEY'RE ALL BOUND TO GET THEMSELVES KILLED! I JUST CAN'T WATCH!



HEY, YOU HOMBRES! KNOCK OFF WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND HEAD FER THE TABLE! TELL COOKIE I SAID IT'S TIME FER CHOW!



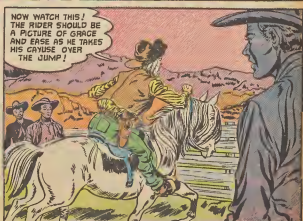
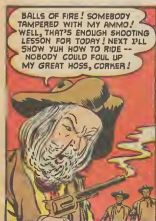
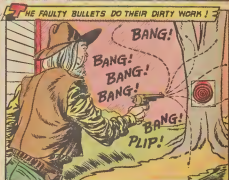
WHUE! AT LEAST THEY AREN'T LIKELY TO GET HURT WHILE EATING! UNLESS THEY STAB THEMSELVES WITH THEIR FORKS!

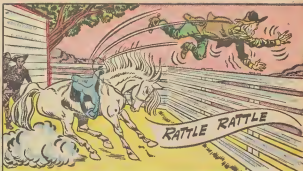


GABBY!
GABBY!

WHAT'S UP, FRED?
MORE RUSTLING!







GABBY DECIDES TO MOVE THE SCHOOL
BACK INTO THE SCHOOLHOUSE!







YOU GET MORE BBs FOR YOUR MONEY, PARDNER, IN DAISY'S GIANT BB POUCH OF BULLS EYE SHOT!

-Red Ryder

BB COUNTING SURVEY Proves Daisy Gives

MORE BBs FOR 5¢

Survey Made Feb. 20, 1952

Count 'Em! Compare 'Em! Ask Dad's Help! Yes, the 5 CENT GIANT BB POUCH of Daisy Bulls Eye Shot gives you MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! You get more BBs—more shots—more value—more FUN! Bulls Eye is made right in the big Daisy Factory where ALL DAISY AIR RIFLES are produced. Bulls Eye is expertly made to the correct diameter, roundness and smoothness—to FIT DAISY SHOOTING BARRELS! Poorly-made "out of round," rough or over-size BBs may stick and RUIN your Daisy barrel and air tube. Be safe and sure—always buy and use Daisy Bulls Eye in the HANDIER Giant BB Pouch! Get the MOST and the BEST BBs for your Daisy! Ask for it BY NAME. Say: "A Giant Pouch of Bulls Eye BBs, Please!"



128 BBs FOR 5¢ in the DAISY GIANT BULLS EYE POUCH



ACTUAL SIZE OF DAISY GIANT BB POUCH
Prices higher in Rockies, West, Canada and subject to change without notice.

128 BBs for only 5¢
6¢ WEST COAST HIGHER CANADA
Do NOT order Air Rifles or BBs direct—SEE YOUR DEALER!

DAISY'S RED RYDER (Named by Stephen Spielberg, M.P.) COWBOY CARBINE

shoot 177! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 BBs! Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Realistic full-oval molded stock, forearm. Ask dealer for No. 111.

DAISY PUMP GUN

over this 50 shot pump action repeater with "gold-engraved" jacket. Take-down model. The King of All Air Rifles! Ask dealer for No. 25.

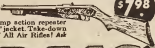


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26-piece set
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THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s
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